1. Sir, your Queene muſt ouerboard, the ſea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.
Per. That's your ſuperſtition.
1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at Sea it hath bin ſtill obſerued
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for ſhe muſt ouer board ſtraight,
Moſt wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere ſhe lyes ſir.
Per. A terrible Child-bed haſt thou had (my deare,)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee ſcarcely Coffind, in eare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water muſt orewhelme thy corpes,
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O *Lychoridæ*,
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: When canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe thy waies good Mariner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit*

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.*

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

¶ *Enter Phylemon.*

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cery. Get Fire and meate for theſe poore men,
T'as beene a turbulent and ſtormie night.
Serv. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cery. Your Maiſter will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cory. Gentlemen, why doe you ſtirre ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did ſeeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to quite the houſe.
2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early,
T'is not our husbandry.
Cery. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent* But I much maruaile that your Lordſhip
Hauing rich tire about you, ſhould at theſe early houres
Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe; tis moſt ſtrange
Nature ſhould be ſo conuerſant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſſe and Riches;
Careleſſe Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue ſtudied Phyſicke:
Through which ſecret Art, by turning ore Authoritie,

 Ihaue